JOSEPH M. FREEDMAN
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
LYCEUM THEATRE BUILDING
MEMPHIS, TENN.

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Miss Frances Levine,
70 Somers St.,
Brooklyn,
N. Y.

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March. 10th, 1917.

My sweetheart Frances:-

Received your letters of the 6th, 7th + 8th & was indeed surprised to hear that you haven't heard from me for 2 days. Here, I've been writing everyday, but didn't on Sunday, so that explains the absence of a letter on Tuesday, but hereafter, I'll write on that day, too, & if I mail it in time, you will get it on Tuesday, but I can't understand about the other day. Yes, I received all your letters, but on one day, Thursday, I didn't get any, so on Friday I got one, & on Saturday 2, so I reckon it was merely a delay in the mail.

You silly goosie! To say I don't love you, why, I'm so lonesome for you, I don't know what to do. If you want to show me you love me & to help me, write every day, & I'm sure I won't be lonesome. That's the thing that consoles me, & that is I love you & you love me.

Yes sweetheart, I'll try my best to make some money, even if it isn't $1500 or $500. I spoke to a fellow about us getting married & he said that in the beginning, we ought to live in a furnished

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flat, but I said nothing doing. We are going to have a home. Just you & I, aren't we, dear? And you can fix up a spare room, if we have one, with that cretone or whatever you call it. That's what I told him, & he said "Well, wish you luck & congratulate you". Poor fool, he isn't as lucky as I am in having such a sweetheart that I've got.

Well, dear, you remember I wrote you that I was appointed to 2 criminal cases? Well, I got $25.00 from one, & expect $20 from the other during this week. Don't that pretty good for one week? The worst part of it is, you aren't here, & so can't spend it on you, but I have to make the best of it & be alone. Of course, I'll take a little recreation, but I can't enjoy myself as if I would be with you. I'm often tempted to ask you to come here now, & get a job here, but I say to myself, "Well, next year, I'll fix things up.

Darling, I wanted to write much more, but must quit because a nigger wants to see me, so I'll close with all my love to my sweet, little girlie,

Lovingly,

Will write to-morrow, too. Joe.

(over)

How did you enjoy the Purim supper.
Gosh, I was lonesome. Tell me all about
it again, love, sweetheart,

Jay